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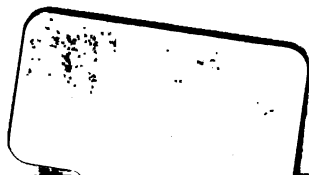
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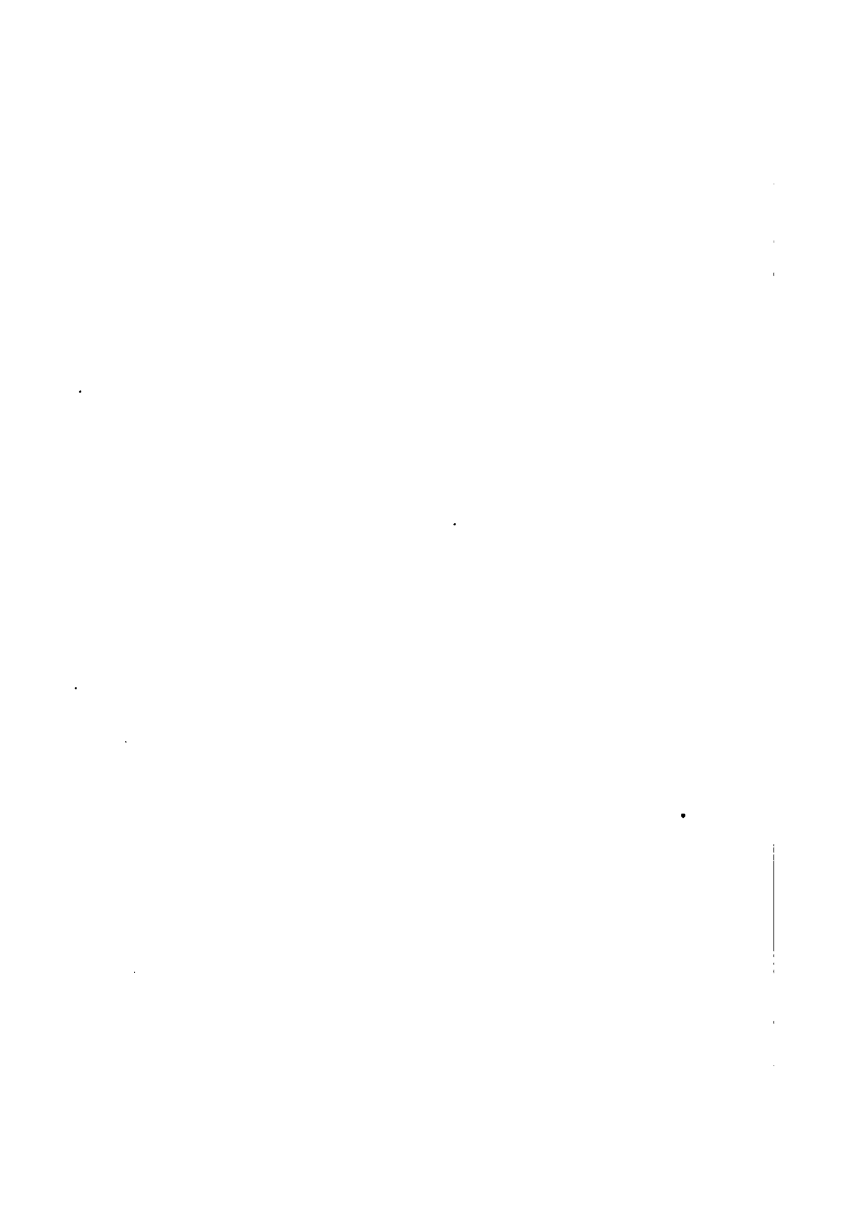


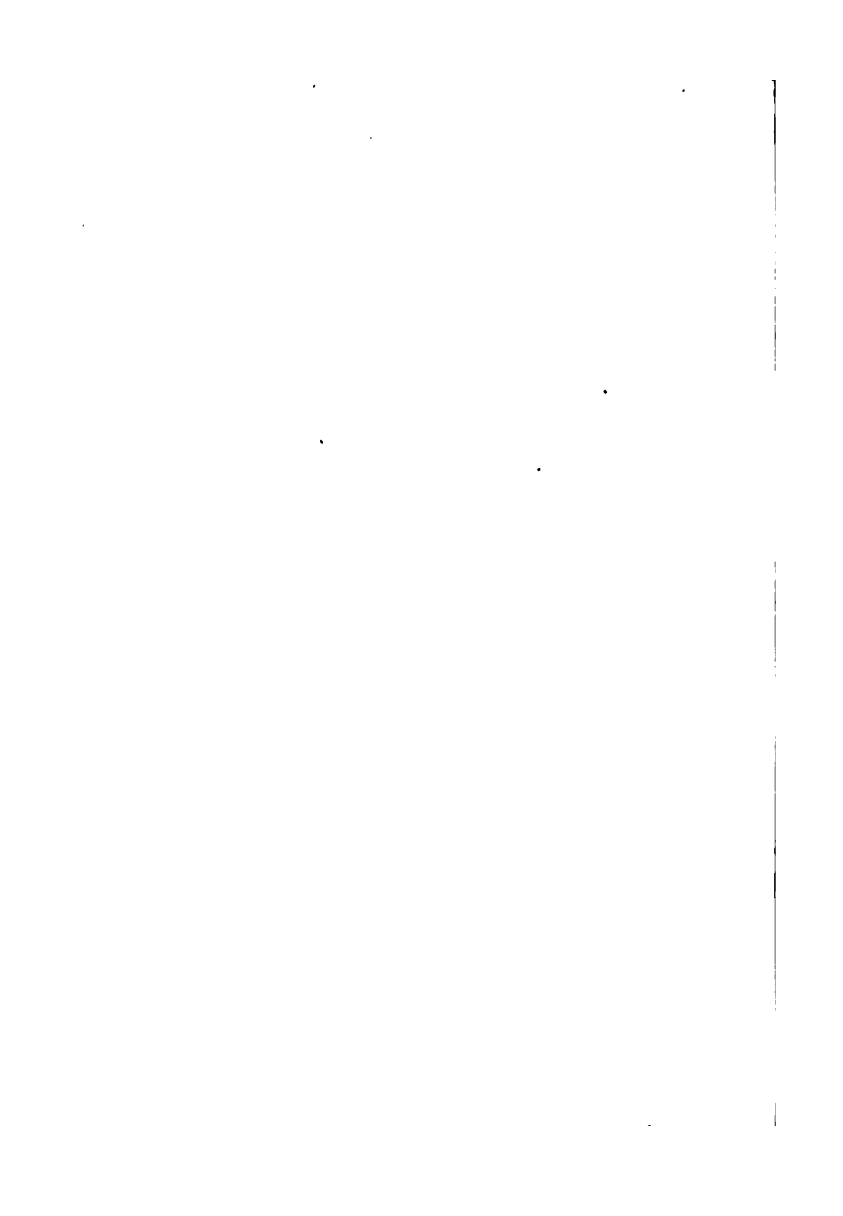
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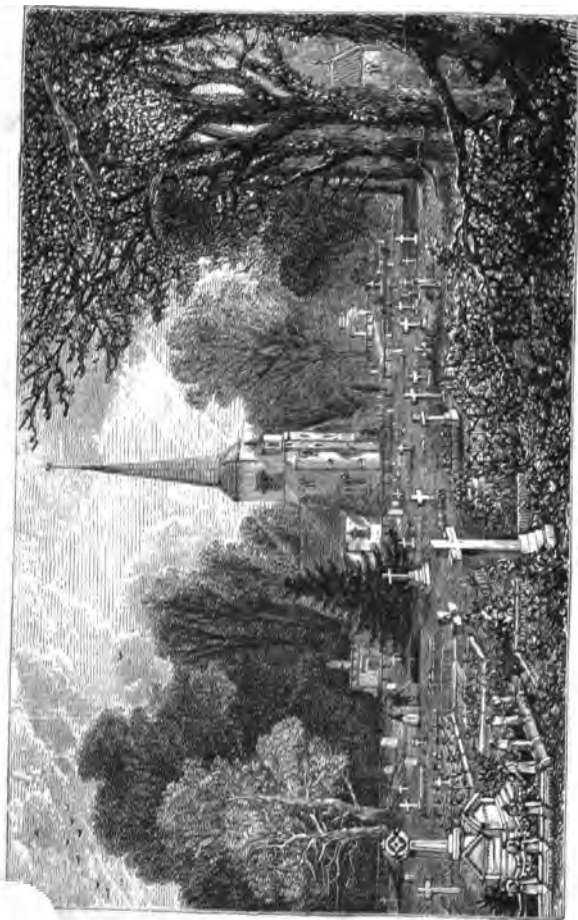
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A GOLDEN SUNSET:

BEING

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS

OF

HANNAH BROOMFIELD.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES."

"Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Yer. lvi. 4.*

"Thy sun shall no more go down: neither shall thy moon
withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light."
—*Isa. lx. 20.*



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*Specially
to Servants :
and
To all Servants of God,
young and old ;
This little Book is
dedicated.*



A Golden Sunset.

"Here they were within sight of the city they were going to : also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof : for in this land the Shining ones commonly walked, because it was on the borders of Heaven."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

" 'They never stop singing there, sir, do they?'—his thoughts were with the Angels in heaven."—*Bishop Patteson's Life*, vol. ii. p. 104.

A GOLDEN SUNSET, truly, was the death-bed of this young Christian, who fell asleep on the 25th January 1874, at the age of twenty-six. And as in many sun-sets in nature, gleams of glory are seen lingering in the western sky after the orb of day has itself vanished from sight—"she being dead yet speaketh."

“ How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
Type of the holy peace diffused
Around a dying bed.

“ How mildly on the wand'ring cloud
The sunset beam is cast ;
’Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.”

It was the writer’s great privilege to have the subject of this memoir as a servant in his household ; to be much with her during her illness ; to be present at the final scene, and to follow her to her grave.

Not a few are the volumes which have enriched biographical Christian literature in recent years, detailing the experimental power of religion in the case of cultured minds, sanctified intellect : — men and women rarely gifted, who have left a sacred impress on the age in which they lived, and bequeathed a deathless influence to the Church and age of the future. The present little book has no such ambitious mission. It aspires to

- nothing more than humbly to record the story of God's grace in the consistent life and triumphant departure of one of His lowliest children—a modest leaflet added to “the short and simple annals” of the Christian poor.

And yet, though Hannah was poor in social position, and, as will be noted hereafter, glad that her name was thus enrolled among those of low degree, she was not really “poor” in the truest acceptation of the term. The phrase of an old writer has passed into familiar use, who, in describing a “poor” man—one of the toiling workers in humble life, and yet possessed of refined and delicate feelings, called him “God’s gentleman.” The subject of this memorial might be called, in the best and noblest sense of the word, “God’s gentlewoman.” There is only one disadvantage in which readers are placed compared with the writer, the inability to have their interest heightened and augmented by having come into per-

sonal contact with the original in her gentle, winning ways. It is like the difference between perusing a printed speech or sermon, and hearing the same coming fresh from the orator or preacher's lips, aided and emphasised by impressive look and gesture, and the varying tones and modulations of a living voice.

To convey a general, or, I would prefer saying, a vivid delineation of Hannah's appearance,—no countenance I ever saw had, if it may be so termed, such singular capriciousness in expression. To a casual visitor, it must have conveyed the idea of extreme pensiveness, if not sadness. Indeed, even in ordinary work, specially in waiting table and receiving and admitting visitors, we used often to regret that, evidently from an erroneous estimate of "rightness" or "propriety," she assumed a gravity which essentially was not her own, and from which, in speaking to her at ordinary times and in family intercourse, she was as singularly free. It was all the

difference between a landscape seen with or without sunlight. Even her hazel eye shared the dulness and passiveness of this artificial expression—whereas it could be lighted up full of beauty and vivacity ; and, as we can well testify, it glowed in her last days, and more so as death approached, with an unearthly lustre. A delicately-chiselled mouth, a voice of inexpressible sweetness, pronunciation devoid of any provincialism, ease and gracefulness in her outer deportment, gave rise to the frequent remark of strangers, “How lady-like she is,” “She would adorn an upper circle ;” and yet this wealth of natural grace never made her more than she was—the humble, faithful, hard-working housemaid ; and all was glorified by her consistent walk, as a lover of Jesus and a child of God.

I wish in this narrative to avoid the slightest approach to exaggeration ; or by any ‘colouring’ to invest either the subject of it or her words with an interest

and attractiveness which did not strictly belong to them. Her deathbed sayings were gleaned by loving hands almost as they fell from her lips; and if not, it was no great effort of memory to recall utterances, alike so simple, so beautiful, and so memorable.

Yes, reader! If you had been one of that little group gathered on these different occasions around Hannah's dying couch, you would have no longer wondered there was but one dry eye in that room. If you had seen that countenance, and heard the music of that voice, you would have ceased to marvel at this tribute paid by a whole family at "a servant's death-bed." Those who stood there, "looking steadfastly on her, saw her face, as it had been the face of an angel." You can only be *told* of "the golden sunset:"—you must have been present, to see all the varied glory of that setting radiance, and to refrain bewailing that hers was a sun going down while it was yet day.

Her complaint commenced with pleurisy. She had been visibly less able for the household work, accomplished hitherto with such thorough satisfaction. Little suspecting the cause of some *apparent* neglects, reproofs gently given were not less gently taken. Indeed, her beautiful answers had been the subject of special remark, before any idea was entertained of the depth of her piety and the reality of her consecrated life. She struggled on, until the lurking disease within, compelled her to give up the too brave fight of previous weeks.

Throughout her illness, there was most distressing difficulty of breathing; but there were exceptional intervals, too, of comparative painlessness, during which she was enabled, without much effort, to utter her dying testimony. Moreover, as we were no less than *four* times assembled to witness her departure and bid her farewell, ere the Master's final summons came,—there was an extended opportunity

of listening to and garnering her last utterances. They will now be given very much at random, or rather in the disjointed way in which they fell naturally and at intervals from her own lips, as her feeble strength permitted. In reading over the subsequent pages, the writer must guard those who peruse them, from the erroneous impression that such a gush of pious sentiment flowed in a continuous stream. Her ebbing strength and frequent suffering would have rendered her unequal to such an effort. In that 'sunset' all was peace; but the golden rays broke out only now and then, in gleams of heavenly light.

There is yet one other preliminary observation which requires to be made. It is of a sacred kind; and without sanction, delicacy for a smitten heart would have withheld it; but it imparts almost a tragic interest to the sudden and unexpected removal. It was only the very day before she was laid on her sick-bed, that Hannah

announced to her master and mistress her engagement to the young gardener, also in their service, and their purpose of being married in the course of a few months. He alone, along with the family, was permitted to be frequently present during these closing days, and, as will be seen, to share her dying thoughts and counsels. It was the one earthly pang to her at the last. But she joyfully assented to a higher summons—"Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Her own words in the course of her illness, and a few fragmentary papers and writings found after death, will give the only light I possess and can impart to the reader, on her early history, and the way in which from her childhood she had been brought to value her Bible and love her Saviour.

Her birthplace was one of those sweet rural nooks in Devonshire, at Church

Staunton, near Honiton,* where she had at an early period (I think when five years old), been deprived of a father's care, and left as the youthful comforter of a now aged mother, to whose support in declining life, it was Hannah's chief delight, in after-days, to minister from her earnings. The first request made by her in our service was—"Please, can you advance me a pound? I wish to send it to my mother." Many a sovereign, we have reason to know, had been despatched on the same gracious errand.†

She seemed to entertain cherished remembrances of her happy childhood, and of her mother's loving affection. As

* The following lines I find by themselves in a manuscript book, in her own handwriting—

"O me! my country life that's gone,
The fields—the woods—the flowers,
The dear old farm—the lane of limes,
We ran to in the showers."

† The inexpensive simplicity of her dress was itself an evidence that scant justice was done to her own requirements in her unselfish desire to benefit others.

in life's last hours, there are often vivid memories that come back of early days, she spoke, during her illness, of the times when her poor widowed parent, employed in gathering stones and rack in the fields, used to put her in the barrow and wheel her along seated on the heap of rubbish. Her own natural kindliness of heart, and the grace of God which refined and elevated it, made it a lifelong privilege to repay, as well as she could, these years of early devotion.

I think it was the first occasion of her rallying from impending death, that I ventured to ask the question, when she was speaking of her love to the Saviour—

Among those remembered out of her little means was an old paralytic woman in a workhouse in Somersetshire, who had no claim upon her save that of loneliness and suffering. To the same she regularly sent the monthly serial, "*Kind Words*." "And whosoever shall give to drink, unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"Hannah, do you know when it was you were first brought to love Jesus?"

"Yes; I remember well. It was at Church Staunton. Mrs ——, the vicar's wife, had a Sunday school. I attended her class. One of the girls died suddenly. On assembling as usual on the Sunday following, Mrs —— spoke very solemnly about our companion's early death. She said, any of us might be called away with the same suddenness, and asked us to pray fervently to God that we might be brought to love Christ, and thus be prepared to die. I went home," she added, "with my heart full. I told mother all, and asked her to pray with me. Mother and I knelt down together, and she prayed very earnestly; from that day my heart was given to Jesus, and it has been His ever since."

"That was very striking," I said; "you were evidently blessed with a good mother. Do you recollect anything about your father?"

“No. I was too young when he died. I remember, however, I was always fond of sitting on my father’s grave in the churchyard reading my Bible. It seemed the most sacred place for this.”

After pausing a little, she continued—
“But I must tell you more. For God spoke to me when I was young in various ways. I would like to repeat to you my favourite verse. It is this—‘I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.’ This is the reason of my fondness for that verse :—it was printed on the outside cover of a little book I got. The book was about a poor boy who was in the habit of going under a tree and praying. I thought, after I read it, I would do the same : and I went, time after time, under a tree and prayed to God, and God answered me. I have always loved that verse since, for I came to love Him, you know.” (It will be seen afterwards, that this was a peculiarity in Hannah’s simple way of expressing herself; often

to add the words "You know," at the end of her sentences.)

"We shall always think of you, Hannah," said her mistress, "when we read that verse."

"Yes, you will," she answered; "you read it in the chapter the other morning." (It had come, I remembered, in the usual course of our family worship.)

"And so you have loved the Saviour always from that time?"

"Oh yes, ever since. I may say, from my childhood, Jesus was always my first thought. It was difficult, though, to show that He was so in the midst of common work. But He was, you know, nevertheless."

Speaking of her clergyman in Devonshire. "He took such a deep interest in us. I shall never forget one sermon he preached, on 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Tell him," she said with emphasis, "I often recalled that sermon, and that his wife was the first to bring me to Christ."

Before, however, proceeding further with the death-bed narrative, this may be the most befitting place to insert the only other clue I have to her previous history. In addition to the most precious of all—the living epistle—a few writings found in her trunk after her departure, are specially valuable vouchers and attestations to the old saying, that it is “holy living which makes happy dying.”

Among these, there are very many notes of sermons fully written out, with little annotations and favourite pieces of poetry.* But I shall confine myself to transcribing, without abbreviation or alteration of so much as a word, a short series of simple prayers—very evidently of her own composition, and designed to meet her own special wants and temptations. I give them with all their errors of spelling, &c.—the better to authenticate their genuineness. The rough setting, in the writer's

* Some of the latter are given at the close of the volume.

estimate, imparts, in the present instance, worth and value to the jewel.

"Oh heavenly father thou who knowest all the secrets of the heart please Be my guide in this wicked world thou who knowest all things teach me that true godliness which leads to Everlasting Life do not let the tempter have any power over me O Lord give me wisdom and knowledge to know the truths of thy holy Gospel Give me a wise and understanding mind write thy commandments in my heart Give me that strength to overcome the wicked one do thou be pleased to be my friend and guide and Enlighten me that I may serve thee as I ought O heavenly father take me in thy kind protections this night do not let me give way to my wickedness any more Send that guardian Angel to protect hear me this night for Jesus Christ's sake Give me thy holy Spirit lead me the way everlasting AMEN."

"Oh heavenly father I have been very neglectful of my duty this day I have done things that I ought not to have done and I have not done those things that I ought to have done I do wish to love thee more Wilt thou be pleased to pour thy Holy Spirit in my heart Root out all the wicked and evil thoughts Create in me a clean heart O God and Renew a right Spirit

within me do please not let me give way to such vain and wordley thoughts but let me have my treasure In heaven O heavenly father let me think what thou hast done for me Thou hast been the guide and frend of my youth and yet I do not feel so gratefull as I cught I so soon forget what thou hast done for me Oh help me to begin anew life let me love to serve thee more & more make me pashent and submisseeve to thy will keep me from lying lips and from a dictfull tongue make me to love to talk of thy holy word and think that if I live to keep thy commandments here thou wilt take me with thee in heaven May thy holy Spirit Rest upon me this night and fill up my hart with sweet thoughts do not let me profess to love thee and yet be so cool towards thee make me to worship thee in Spirit and in Truth teatch me to love my neighbour as myself & to do to others as i would that they should do to me teatch me to have that gentle and peacefull temper let me always Remember that a soft answer turneth away Wrath lead me in the way wich thou wouldest have me Go for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN."

"Mercifull Father forgive me for thy dear Son's sake all that I have done amiss this day cold and hartless I have been Thou didst begin a good Work in me but the tempter was with me

again O heavenly father Give me thy holy Spirit to love thee more and more do thou be pleased to put that Eveil one away do thou be the guide and frend of my youth lead me in the ways of all truths wich leads to Eternal life be thou my frend and father Grant me this for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN."

[The three following appear to have been written on Sunday evening.]

"Cold and hartless my thoughts have been this day But thou hast permitted me to hear of thy holy word ownce more and may I never forget these sweet words I have heard but let me ever think of thee as my heavenly father Guide me in the ways of all truths wich will lead me to that heavenly home Father wilt thou lead my foot-steps aright Give me a firm and devoted mind lead me to love thy sweet word thy word is a light to my feet and a lamp to my path Grant this O heavenly father for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN."

"O heavenly father forgive me for all that thou hast seen amiss this day I have done those things that I ought not to have done thou knowest my weak and frail nature I do need thy assistance more and more the tempter has such

power over me but heavenly father thou canst keep me from all those wicked sins if I trust thee more O wilt thou be pleased to give me strenth to overcome the poms and vanities of this world and give me a strong faith never to be ashamed of thy name but always to speak thy name with boldness Let me feel that thou art always by my side and knowest my thoughts thou knowest how easelly I am temted wilt thou be pleased to guide me for if thou art not with me how soon I go astray—to-day have not my thoughts been far from thee cold and hartless have my praises been to thee and thou who art so kind and good to me oh holy father do thou be pleased to give me thy holy Spirit Enlighten my understanding oh father of light let me love thee more and more give me a hart to pray to thee more and more give wisdom and knowledge to know the truths of thy holy gospel Put away from me the eveil of lying and vain glory give me that humble and lowly hart be pleased heavenly father to be my frend let me not be afraid to speak of thy holy name but remove from me all those eveil persons Give me that strenth that I may have a firmer mind to love thy holy name hear me this night and grant me thy holy Spirit do for me all that thou woldest have me do hear me this ownce heavenly father take me in thy safe care and keeping this night

and let me arise in the morning if it may please thee with a humble and contrite heart be with me for Christ's sake. AMEN."

"To-day I have been full of evil thoughts till this afternoon I went to hear the sweet message of thy love now more clearly I can see how much I have neglected thee my everlasting friend I am full of doubts. But O heavenly father give me the strong desiring confidence to put all my trust in thee thou only knowest what is good for me teach me thy will day by day and now be pleased to guide me in the way thou wouldst have me go let me arise with the full assurance that thou hast heard my petition pour thy Holy Spirit deep into my heart and do thou for me more than I ask or think I pray O heavenly father that I may be with people that love thy holy name and give me that clear mind to see my faults let me ever strive to follow the footsteps of our blessed Saviour let thy merciful hand guide and protect me Give me that firmness to speak of thy holy word O kind father take pity on thy child and lead me in the right way for Jesus Christ's sake. AMEN."

"May thy holy Spirit Guide and protect me thou knowest that we cannot do anything of ourselves Without thy assistance may I daily

take up my cross and follow thee thou knowest all the secrets of the heart thou knowest that I have a desire to Love thee but Satan is ever Wispring ther is yet time O may I conquire this Bessetting sin and let thy word be a lamp to my feet Let me learn to trust thee more and more thou hast said I will never leave thee or forsake thee Be my frend and Guide lead me in the way in wich thou wouldest Have me go Let me take the words of St Paul We are confident I say and willing Rather to be absent from the body and to be present With the Lord For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure Is at hand oh may I be able to say I am Willing to give up all for Christ sake. Strengthen me in thy Bright Spirit that I may ever Follow that wich is good. AMEN."

Such are a few specimens of Hannah's breathings of private devotion. They show us unmistakably the springs of her inner life—the fountains which fed and animated her daily work, enabling her to do it "heartily as unto the Lord and not unto men," and as "serving the Lord Christ." But now having entered in thought with her into her closet, and listened to her

communings with her Father in secret, we shall be better able to understand and appreciate another phase or expression of her spiritual nature, another source of her spiritual strength and joy, and which, moreover, unlike secret devotion, "could not be hid." Delight in *Prayer* in her case, as in that of most of God's children (and especially those naturally gifted, as she was, with a love of music), had its complement and counterpart in the delight of *Praise*. When the sun rises, the groves become vocal with melody. "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

It was in the course of the third day of her illness, that she began first, after a violent spasmodic pain had subsided, to repeat a single verse at a time, of some of her favourite hymns. The first I heard were these two opening lines—

"What is life ? 'tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanisheth away."

Then in a little—

“Why those fears!—Behold! ’tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship:
Spread the sails and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us through the deep.”*

“Oh these hymns I learnt in childhood!” she exclaimed, her face lighting up with smiles—“My clergyman told me they would come to mind on a death-bed. And see, it has all come true now.”

This was certainly a peculiar feature in Hannah’s case. In addition to the fidelity of a pastor’s and parent’s teaching, she must have possessed an unusually retentive memory;—for the variety of hymns and fragments of sacred poetry which came from her lips, day after day, and hour after hour, during her illness, was

* I shall not cumber the narrative by giving the hymns in full, only the portions she specially repeated. But I have thought it would interest the reader to append these at length at the end of the volume. Most of them are established favourites, but a few also may be to some, little known, as well as beautiful in sentiment.

quite remarkable. During the time of her active service in our household, her sweetly modulated voice was frequently employed in singing those to which she was most partial. This was specially the case on Sundays. I think I can even now hear her, in the stillness of the summer Sunday morning, when the windows and doors were open to admit the air, warbling those very strains which (embalmed with the name of Jesus), "refreshed her soul in death."

Many suffering Christians on their dying beds have regarded, as their most cherished emblem of heaven, a place of "*rest*." Hannah's main idea of the state and place of the glorified — what she chiefly liked to picture it—was, as a place of "*singing*." Over and over, and with ever augmenting fervour and beauty, did she speak of it as such. When much too weak herself for the effort, she would beg us all to "sing about Jesus,"—"Sing:—*you sing*." And she exacted this pledge

—which, as will be afterwards seen, was faithfully redeemed at the last—"Mind you all sing when I am dying." "Be sure *then* and *sing* to me. Sing all the time!"

The first occasion on which she made reference to her mistress of being aware of her danger, was by saying, "We shall meet in heaven;" and later, "The angels are soon coming to fetch me. They have been *singing* to me!"

At another time, speaking of those, illustrious alike in sacred story and in after ages of the Church, whom she would see in heaven, it was strange that she should have specially grouped together "Luther and Daniel and Jeremiah." Then she added, "And, above all, David will be there. He's *sure* to be singing—always was, you know."

I added, "And John, too, will be there, the beloved Disciple leaning on Jesus' bosom."

"Yes," she replied, "He was the be-

lovedest disciple. But they'll *all* be there, and all singing."

"You'll think of me," she said to a young friend at a later hour of the next day—"You'll always think of me in the *Te Deum*, won't you, at the part about the angels? I used always to lift up my heart with the angels!"

There was nothing of what could be called delirium throughout her illness; but, in moments of greater excitement, when her pulse was running high, she would point to the upper corner of the room—she did so more than once—and said she "saw angels circling there. Oh! how beautiful!" She seemed as if she actually heard the sound of the heavenly harpers harping on their harps, and longed to join the song. She had truly "entered into the sweet and pleasant country of Beulah," where Bunyan's pilgrims "listened to the continual singing of birds."

"The angels are singing, 'Glory! glory!'

Oh, so beautiful! and *Jesus* at the right hand of God."

Some time afterwards, I don't remember when, with the anticipation of death evidently in her mind, she gently asked those by her bedside—

"You won't be afraid of this room, will you?"

"No," one present replied, "it will always be a hallowed room to us,—a little sanctuary,"—or something to that effect.

"Yes; you'll think of the angels having stood all round. I like to think of the angel wrestling with Jacob, and him prevailing." Then she added, for the first time, what was a special exhortation on several occasions afterwards,—"*Be brave*. It is a great thing to be brave, and take up the cross."

A second time the hymn was sung to which she was most partial—"Abide with me." It was at a time when her strength had wonderfully revived. With what

never-to-be-forgotten energy did she join in the two lines—

“When other helpers fail and comforts flee !”
also—

“I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless !”

The beauty of the hymn had evidently excited her. “The angels are all round,” she again said, “singing so beautifully ! And Jesus, too, is there, *looking* at me. Oh, so kind He looked, smiling at me !”

Six or seven days had now passed since the commencement of her illness, but nothing for a moment had disturbed her perfect peace. She had “overcome, through the blood of the Lamb.” Over the great Adversary, who not unfrequently endeavours to inject doubts and fears into the minds even of God’s children at the last, she had gotten the victory.

“Jesus at the right hand of God !” she exclaimed, with her finger gracefully pointing upwards ; and then towards another part of the room, as if to her

beaten foe,—“Satan is down there, and Jesus says to him, No! she is mine!” At another time she made the similar remark, “Satan is always ready to tempt us. Jesus is saying to him, Go away; I died for her!”

I quoted to her the saying of an aged relative, lately gone to glory—“At evening time it shall be light—GLORIOUS LIGHT!”

She said, “That’s beautiful:” and then, with radiant countenance, she repeated the words in her own earnest way, as if she saw with her own eyes through the gates ajar—“‘Glorious light!’ . . . ‘And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light.’”

The heart that most bled for her, here gave way. In a sweet voice, and without agitation, she sought to comfort him—

“Poor George! don’t cry so. We shall soon meet again. I am going to Jesus. You are going too, Georgie—won’t you?”

You will be sure to take up the cross. But you must give up a great deal to do this. When you are tempted to evil thoughts or deeds, pray to Jesus. There is nothing wrong in the thought; nothing wrong in the temptation; but it is the yielding to it that is wrong. Try and battle against that. They will laugh at you, George; but don't mind. Remember it is a thorny path; but be brave. I used always to go to Jesus to help me through the gloomy way. I was laughed at for my religion when in service in London. Nobody, where I was, cared about Jesus or went to church. But I am so glad to have borne it so well *now*. Be brave; it is a great thing to be brave!"

Looking, by and by, up to the same friend, in whom her earthly happiness was so bound — "I am sorry to leave you, Georgie; we should have been so happy. If I live (but remember *God's will*), what a pretty little garden we'll have, with flowers all round; but there is

a happier home. . . . I am fond, very fond, of all that hymn, 'O God of Bethel,' but I like the middle verse best—

“Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.”

Pausing for a little, she commenced, falteringly but sweetly (we all helped the feeble effort)—

“Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.”

These, and other future utterances, I must repeat, were not said without many breaks. The cough and difficulty in breathing prevented this; and it would have been wrong to have allowed her to exhaust herself, and imperil the least hope of ultimate recovery. But when her thoughts had been a little time at work, and frail strength permitted, she would break in, as she did with the following, though I forget the special time—

"See! people cannot repent when they are so ill; I couldn't. Oh, tell them," she exclaimed, "to love God *now*! Georgie, you'll tell them. Jesus grieves every day for those who won't come to Him." Turning, shortly after, to her mistress, she, with earnest sweetness of voice, repeated the verse—

" 'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes,"

and immediately after, as if the mystery of her early removal had occurred to her—

" A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

Speaking of her own assured peace, she added, "Jesus is always near. The devil has gone quite away. Jesus won't let him come near me."

Though her decided preference evidently was to receive, without farther delay, the invitation of her heavenly Father—"Come up hither," yet at times there was the revival within herself of a hope that she *might*

still be raised up again. "I would *rather* go," she said often; but once, when about to take some prescribed nourishment that might possibly recruit her failing strength, she very beautifully thus left the result in the hands of the Great Physician, "Now, Jesus, if *Thou* wilt; Thy will be done!" And again, showing that in the same way she cherished the possibility that, though the Lord had afflicted her sore He had not given her over unto death—she said to her mistress, with a playful smile, "If I do get well, you'll let me come and nurse you when you're ill; won't you?"

To messages sent from kind neighbours and friends inquiring how she was, she said, "If I die, tell them how happy I am."

The question was asked, "Are you suffering much in your chest now?"

"No," she replied, with a gentle voice, "I am not suffering; I shouldn't mind if I did." And then, by a natural transition,

she began to "consider HIM that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself." "When Jesus fasted forty days," she said, "what a temptation it must have been ! And the devil, too, was with Him all that time ! Then the angels came after, and ministered unto Him. They had been longing to go and do it all the while ; but, you see, they must wait the appointed time." She was comforting herself with the assurance that at God's own season—no sooner—angels would be sent to carry her spirit into the Saviour's bosom.

All hymns seemed to have had a preciousness to her. But her chief favourite, and no wonder, was the one already mentioned—"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

Months before her "eventide shadows" had any appearance of "falling," when none of us for a moment dreamt of this early 'sunset,' we had been specially familiar with these lines on her lips in her every-

day work, and, as previously noted, on Sundays. They seemed to have a deeper meaning and augmented preciousness, now that the night was far spent, and the day—the glorious day—was at hand!

“We often sang that together, Georgie, dear;” and she added (very cheerfully), “We shall now sing it together again.” Who could ever forget her look, and feeble, trilling voice, when, in obedience to her request, the verse was reached—

“Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven’s morning breaks, while earth’s vain shadows
flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!”

“Jesus, Jesus!” she said, “but *always with the cross*, you know.” Almost unconsciously she suited, with an effort, her action to the words, holding her arms horizontally, as if she had the blessed emblem, or rather the blessed reality, of a dying Jesus “before her closing eyes.” Shortly after, perhaps again under the

influence of slight excitement produced by the fever, the other picture presented itself which so frequently floated before her mental vision—"she saw Heaven opened."

Pointing to the corner of the ceiling, "God," she said, "is there;" and in front of her bed, "Jesus is there; and oh, so many angels!" Again pointing up to the roof—"It's all bright there."

One present, an invalid, felt suddenly unwell, overcome with the fatigue of the long watching. Hannah imagined it was the effort of singing, and immediately said—

"Does it tire you, though? You're fighting the battle too." She added, a little after, to the same—"You will not have such a hard fight as I have. Jesus won't let you suffer so much. God knows you are not so strong in body as I am to bear it."

To another, "You're preparing yourself to come, aren't you?"

The reply was, "I'm trying to."

"Yes; it must be a *trial* to every one. And you'll try and bring others to Christ?"

As the difficulty of breathing was increasing, we felt it was hurtful for her to attempt singing, and we dissuaded her from the effort.

"But I soon shall, you know, and that for ever and ever. They say," she added with a sweet smile, "what people liked best on earth in spiritual things, they'll do in heaven.' So I am sure I shall be always singing. I always was fond of it, wasn't I?"

Her wishes were gratified by taking up one of her favourites—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

The breathing was very distressing, but patience had its perfect work. No word of murmuring from first to last escaped

her lips, saving at times the prayer, as she wiped the perspiration from her brow, "Jesus! come! come quickly!" A great and ever-present thought, which doubtless served mightily to sustain her, was the wonderful patience and submission of her Blessed Lord—the Prince of Sufferers. With indescribable pathos she once exclaimed, in one of those vehement struggles for breath, "Dear Jesus! *dear* Jesus!! HE suffered thirty years, and then they put the crown of thorns upon Him, and *spat* upon Him! And *how patient He was!* I have tried to be patient. But think of all *He* bore for us! And then, when we suffer, we deserve it, you know."

Perhaps still more touchingly, at another time, the same sustaining thought of "fellowship in His sufferings" occurred to her, as a handkerchief with vinegar was laid on her forehead. With the deepest solemnity and feeling she said—"All Jesus had was a blow; HE couldn't have *this* on

His forehead." Immediately after, with no apparent connection with what had gone before it, she exclaimed, "Oh for a draught from Jacob's well."

One of the most affecting references she made was, I think, on the third occasion we had gathered, as we had imagined, to witness her happy departure. It was that strong, tender, filial love, reverting to distant Devonshire, and to the aged mother who had made her childhood happy, and also had her own share, under God, in making her deathbed peace. Her strength was quite exhausted, and power of utterance almost gone. But we never can forget the quick, anxious, but tenderly-expressive look she cast first on George, who was standing at one side of her bed. All she could say was *one* word, but the way it was said spoke volumes—"MOTHER!" She turned, or attempted to turn, to the other side of the bed where I was, and repeated the same sacred name—"MOTHER!" It was enough. A pledge

was willingly given that this farewell trust would not be forgotten. With one wave of the hand, resuming her old posture on her pillows, she said, "*Then I die happy!*"

Lowly as her lot was, she seemed to have felt peculiarly the responsibility as a Christian of showing her colours, and not being ashamed of Jesus.

"When you're with worldly people," as she simply expressed it, "you can't bring out Jesus. But for all that, you can keep Jesus in your heart, and know that you love Him. He knows all our infirmities. I would like to go to-night; but God's will be done. If I live, I must bring others to Christ. But with love, always with love."

"Not the terrors of the law," one remarked.

"No, because Jesus did, always with love. Oh," she said shortly, "I wish all would love Jesus! If all the world

would join Christ, wouldn't it be beautiful?" Then, with this feeling of responsibility in her thoughts, and the need of being "brave," she attempted to join the tune to the words—

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war;
With the cross of Jesus
Going on"—

Then she stopped, saying, "But oh! I mustn't sing."

I forget in what connection, but in referring to the free grace of God and the pardoning love of Christ, she spoke specially of Jesus' treatment of Peter on the occasion of his denial. "*And Peter!*" she exclaimed with great emphasis, "how He forgave him!" It was a curious, abrupt question this last suggested—a singular thought to occur in her circumstances, "Do you think Pilate would be forgiven? I have often wondered that."

After a time of quiet watching and

silence, she said, "How I like that hymn!—

" 'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.' "

And then, after a little further quiet, the outcome of her meditations was the repeating aloud of the first three verses of the hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say." The closing words of the last line were uttered in quite a jubilant tone, her voice rising to a higher key—

" I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad :
I've found in Him a resting-place,
And *He has made me GLAD !* "

When I happened to be down-stairs, she sent a special message that she wished to see me. On my going, she said, "Oh, I just wanted to ask you about departed spirits. Is it likely, as I think I have heard it said, that they will go to some other state immediately after death, and not at once to heaven?"

I simply replied, "' Verily I say unto

thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise;' 'To depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.' "

"Oh yes," she answered, "that is just what I thought. That is all I wanted. Tell mother, I die happy; and to come too; and to pray hard that she may come."

On the following day, with her thoughts occupied about the character of heavenly bliss (I am not sure but we had been speaking of something which led to the remark), one of us said, "Who knows, Hannah, but this very earth may be purified from sin, and become our future heaven? There is nothing but sin that makes this world sad."

"Well, it *is* a beautiful world. Yet I can hardly think either of the fountains and green fields of heaven here." Then she repeated so joyfully, "And He showed me a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

"You're glad to let me go, are you not, Georgie?"

"I can't be sorry," he replied, "when I see you so happy."

"That's right, now," was her cheery reply, "we shall all meet, you know. You will have my hymn-book, George. There are beautiful hymns in the 'Church Hymn-book,' but the other one—my one—has the hymns I love." As a specimen of these "most loved hymns," she repeated, with wonderful pathos and fervour, the one verse—

"O holy Saviour ! Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee."

I quoted a few verses from the 14th chapter of St John, the well-known opening words of our Lord's precious valedictory discourse. She said, 'I like the 15th chapter too, that chapter which speaks so beautifully about the vine—'I am the Vine.'

"Yes," one said ; "and George will now often think of that chapter, for your sake, when he is pruning his vines." She was pleased with the thought.

Then, after a little period of silence, and as at other times, having no obvious connection with the previous subject of conversation, she remarked, "What a beautiful verse that is—I think it is in Malachi—I like it so much !—'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another : and the Lord hearkened, and heard it ; and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name.'"

It would have been strange if, among her many cherished hymns, she had omitted "Rock of Ages." It was not forgotten. We sang all together the three most beautiful verses of it. Despite of increasing weakness, she made the effort, though feeble, to join in the lines—

"Simply to Thy cross I cling,"

and

“When I draw this fleeting breath.”

But the struggle was gradually increasing.

“God knows I could not bear this long,” she exclaimed. “But He will not try us above that we are able to bear.”

To a young friend at her bedside whom she heard heaving a sigh, she said, with a voice of gentle reproof, “You’re sighing : —not so—*sing* cheerfully !”

Her request was obeyed, at all events after a short time. Another of her favourites was taken up by those present. The spasm was for the time over, and she evidently enjoyed and was soothed by it—

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds !”

She even endeavoured to join in with a smile at any part she particularly liked. When she came to the verse, “Weak is the effort of my heart,” the attempt was greatly too much for her : a flush suffused her face, and we had to tell her she

must do no more than listen. When finished, she said, "That's so pretty."

In making a kindly reference to one present, she said, "These are the talents. Each of us have got our talent. I fancy I see Jesus walking up to you, and saying, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

That last word reminds me, that not only did she employ her own humble talent well as a servant, "good and faithful," but she was grateful and thankful for the lowly position which Providence had assigned her on earth, rather than one higher in the social scale. "You see," she said, "Jesus was always with the poor. I have often thought what a good thing it is to be poor. We have only to work, and we have not the show and fashion to keep up."

Not long after this, we had again (for it was a constant alternation of conflicting feeling) resigned all hope of her restoration. Imagining that this "golden sun" was really to set, before the shades of night

had fallen on the outer world, I had even gone up to the churchyard at Chislehurst, to make selection of a piece of ground for the precious dust to repose. I knew that to one who had so conquered the last enemy, there would be no harm in making reference, on my return, to the cause of absence. Indeed, she had in the morning said, "You'll bury me where you can go and see where I'm laid."

"Hannah, do you know I have been up choosing a sweet spot for your grave, and very likely we shall all be laid beside you?"

With a most pleased and astonished look she replied, "Fancy! and there will be room for all!—And there is a chime of bells! How beautiful that will be on Sundays!"

Subsequently George brought her a few snowdrops and primroses,—the first offerings of his new garden, and of the new year. "Where are these from?" as she smelt them:

"From the dell."

"Ah! you will plant some of these on my grave, won't you?"

Some time before, or after, when alone with her, I said, "How nice it would be, Hannah, if George were brought to heaven through your influence."

"Yes; but he must be born again. Tell him 'always to look to the cross.'" And again, with *intense* earnestness, as if to make quite sure of the eternal safety and happiness of the one who claimed her deepest regard, "BRING HIM TO GOD."

The growing conviction was stealing upon her, that the final parting could not now be far distant.

"The last time I was ill" (she had a serious illness seven months previously) "I was like Hezekiah," she said: "I prayed to be made well, and God heard me. You remember Hezekiah praying about the shadow on the sundial? But now, God thinks I must come."

Contrary to all expectation, however, the feeble, flickering spark was again, next morning, fanned into reviving light, and another day's respite was obtained. Could it be that the Great Master had ordained a little more suffering to elicit the manifestation of more patience? There seemed to us little dross to be purified by keeping longer in the furnace. Or, doubtless, was it not rather to let others see "in the midst of the furnace," One with her, "like unto the Son of God?"—to display the calm endurance of the sufferer, and the upholding power of the Great Refiner, as He sat by the flames of His own kindling, tempering their fury, and giving her dying grace equal to her dying day?

She herself was more than willing to go. "To be with Christ," she felt and expressed again and again, would be "far better." "I would *rather* go. I would *much* rather go. But perhaps He won't let me come to Him yet. There may be more to do for Him. There is that verse,"

she added, "'If it be Thy will, let this cup pass.'"

The well-known hymn was sung to her, "Thy will be done." On coming to the words, "All that now makes it hard to say," she interrupted—"But it isn't hard for me. It isn't so bad as you think." We all saw too manifestly it *was* hard enough. But she had spoken to herself the words she had addressed to others—"Be brave!"

"You must all come to this, you know," as she saw us standing around, powerless to help her in the sore physical struggle.

George said, "We shall all think of you when we do."

"Yes, and I shall be waiting you when you die, to try and cheer you. Are there not guardian angels? I hope I may be made a guardian angel to you all. I suppose every one has an angel to support them. I wonder if I shall be a supporting angel? If I am, I should say, 'Be brave.'"

I said, "Hannah, would you support me?"

"Yes, I would support you *strongly*. All my illness through, I haven't had one unhappy thought. Jesus had to carry His cross thirty years; I have only had to carry mine a fortnight. Not so long."

"George," she said, "will you find out for me that hymn—

" 'Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul !' "

He did so : and as he read it, she joined in, here and there, at any favourite lines. Specially those she repeated with great emphasis—

" Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love."

She made a similar request to him regarding another she prized much, and whose words were strikingly appropriate surely, in this her own "sunset hour."

She repeated the first line, leaving him to finish the rest—

“ The sun is sinking fast :
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

“ As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined ;
Into His Father’s hands
His parting soul resigned ;

“ So now herself, my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live,” &c.

George read to her a portion of the 23d chapter of St Luke, I presume also at her own desire, bringing before her mind that subject she dwelt so constantly upon, the sufferings of her dear Lord. When he had ended, she said—

“ Yes, see how He suffered ! ‘ I find no fault in Him.’ How could he ? ” Then reverting to her own tossings, she began to repeat—

“ Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest soft and clear,
What still, small accents greet mine ear,
‘Tis I; be not afraid.”

This finished, she repeated another verse—

“ Mine eyes are watching round thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed,
‘Tis I; be not afraid.”

She was very grateful to her skilful doctors. “ Such kind, good doctors!—they would like to get me well, wouldn’t they? Wasn’t that beautiful,” she remarked, “ what Jesus said to Mary— ‘ She hath done what she could ’? Poor doctor! he seemed sorry this morning I was not getting well. He ‘ did all he could. ’ ”

It was about the same time she asked for a favourite little dog. He jumped into her bed, and she kissed him. She had always fondled this little creature like a child. With that strange instinct so often observed, the spirit of the animal

seemed to droop for days during her illness. He usually resented the intrusion even of a single stranger into the house. He was silent when many strange feet were conveying her down-stairs for her last long journey!

I feel that it is unnecessary to transcribe minutely other remarks made by her, all interesting to us.

Her mind, actively rambling from subject to subject, always—like the magnetic needle, true to its pole—reverted to the loved theme—"Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

"Oh, think of a *whole day upon the cross*:—a *WHOLE day*! And *God* left Him, you know! Yes; the Father! And He was crucified between two thieves!"

I repeated the *Nunc Dimittis*, with which, in her Church service, she was so familiar—"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word." There I had stopped; but with great

energy, or at least with all the energy her feeble strength admitted, she added, "*For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.*"

I forget what hymn was by and by being sung, but she attempted to join, and we endeavoured, as previously, to dissuade her from the effort. "You must really not try to sing, Hannah."

"Ah! in heaven I shall," she replied, with a gentle, submissive smile—"You can't stop me there. At every deathbed there should be singing all round."

One could not help being reminded, in her case, of good Bishop Ken's quaint lines—

"Oh, when shall I in endless day,
For ever chase earth's sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire!"

Or, as if she had herself vividly recalled from her favourite volume,* Bunyan's de-

* Out of the handful of books which constituted her tiny library, "The Pilgrim's Progress" was specially destined to a friend with her dying lips.

scription of the talk of "the shining ones" about "the glory of the place:"—"There also you shall serve Him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving. . . . And as they were drawing towards the gate, there came out also to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens echo with their sound. . . . So that they were *in* heaven before they came *at* it; being swallowed up *with the sight of angels*, and with *hearing their melodious notes*."

I quoted the words of the paraphrase,—one also she greatly prized, and which we afterwards used on her funeral day—

"The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide."

"What a beautiful throne," she said,
"it must be!"

The Throne of grace was often men-

tioned by her,—the Throne of judgment only once—"The goats on the left, and the sheep on the right. We shall be among the sheep, shan't we?"

To a young visitor who had been with us for some weeks, and who came up to her room to see her for the last time, she turned and said—

"You'll try too, won't you? You're young, and it'll be *so* easy. You'll have to come to this (meaning a deathbed), and then you'll be so happy. I haven't had one anxious thought all the time I've been ill."

Speaking of Jesus' finished work, and the necessity of fleeing to Him, without delay, as the only Saviour—"Christ could not come down to die again. No, He could not think of *that*." Entertaining, however, a calm assurance as to her own personal acceptance—her own personal and saving interest in the completed work of her Redeemer, she seemed now rather to delight dwelling upon the glories of

that land, on whose confines her happy spirit was hovering—the “Home of her soul how near.” John Newton’s lines—from another hymn of her childhood—here recalled themselves to her memory, and helped the contemplation :—

“As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o’er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still ;

“So when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
That sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.”

“Moses saw the promised land,” she remarked, “and didn’t enter it.” I anticipated her allusion, and said, “Yes, it is different with you. You will both see and enter it.” She smiled sweetly, and said—

“Don’t you think that what you love most to do on earth you will do in heaven? If I’m in heaven, I shall love to think of you all. On Easter-day I

used to sing the Hallelujah *so happily* ; I shall be sure to be singing of it. You'll think of me then too, won't you ?”

A little before this, she said to me—
“I took the Communion, for the first time, the day on which Jesus was crucified.”

I said, “I scarcely understand what you mean” (I thought she was perhaps wandering a little).

“Oh, it was on Good Friday, you know ; and I never can forget that day. It was a solemn one to me. We sang that hymn in church—

“ ‘Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such Thy sacred will ;
If not, then let me drink it up
Thy pleasure to fulfil.’

Be sure and tell Dr R——” (the able conductor of a Sunday class) “how blest his instructions have been to me.” She sent also a grateful message to her clergyman, telling the special impression she had received from a recent Advent sermon—
—“Let us put on the armour of light,”

coupled with the request that he would officiate at her funeral. "I never can forget that sermon about the armour:—going to fight. The Christian's is a hard fight."

The early part of the night passed without any material change. But we were all suddenly summoned to her room at early morning dawn. Her "Angels" seemed really at last to have been sent with the message—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

"God seems now to be saying to you, Hannah, 'I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" We sought farther to guide her thoughts by simply repeating the verses—"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." Father, I will that they also whom Thou

hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

She took us all in suecession by the hand, and sweetly said, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said, shaking hands with her fellow-servant. "Good-bye, L——; L——, you'll love Christ, won't you? You would be so happy now."

To George—"Good-bye, George. It is only the cross on earth,—and *then*, for ever, and ever, and ever!"

To her mistress—"You'll come too? If I know when you're coming, won't I run to meet you."

"You'll *all* come soon, won't you?"

Kindly acknowledging any little services that had been rendered in this time of sickness, she most touchingly stretched out her pale finger, and pointing first to one and then to another, said, "*He* will say to *you*, and to *you*, and to *you*, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

After this, there were intervals of impressive silence.

Still assembled around her bed, we hardly liked to disturb her with any words, but we knew that even our mute sympathy would be pleasing.

“We sadly watched the close of all,
Life balanced in a breath :
We saw upon her features fall
The solemn shade of death.

“We seemed to hear the angels’ footsteps,
And their voices far away ;
If they called her, she was waiting,
Only waiting, to obey.”

The struggle in her poor labouring chest was most severe. On a mouthful of water being given her, she said—

“Jesus hadn’t a cup of water given to Him as I have.” She repeated, but unable to get farther than the first line—

“O God, our Help in ages past !”

So conscious did she seem herself that she was now “ready to be offered,” that she looked expressively at a young friend

to fulfil the last promise. And as if time were precious, in the midst of her hard breathing she uttered with difficulty, yet very earnestly, the word, "*Sing !*"

The request dared not be refused. As most appropriate to the increasingly solemn hour, we selected what we knew was most familiar to her. Accordingly, two verses were sung of "Rock of Ages ;" and, as she was able to bear it (and only one verse at a time) from "For ever with the Lord," "Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go," "I lay my sins on Jesus," "Here we suffer grief and pain," "There is a happy land."

In the interval, we commended her departing spirit in brief prayer to the God who gave it, and to the custody of those angels who had been keeping watch over her pillow, ready at the bidding of a Higher to perform their last ministry of love.

She had been brought back thrice

before from the very gates of death : and although for a fourth time, from the lips of Him with whom all things are possible, the divine mandate might yet be uttered, "Thou shalt live, and not die," her own preferences were again thus audibly expressed, "I don't want to come back. We shall all meet, and all sing together."

The final verses repeated to her were manifestly too true :—should I not rather say, joyfully appropriate ?—

"The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

"I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand,
Stretch out the everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms."

Yes, after a brief interval, a temporary lull, induced by an opiate, the closing hour,—now in all its impressive solemnity, *did* come. The fight was ended, and the early crown in view !

“ There was a soul on eve autumnal sailing
Beyond the earth's dark bars ;
Toward the land of SUNSETS never paling,
Toward heaven's sea of stars ! ”

Utterance had failed. But while consciousness still remained, I asked—they were my last words to her—“ *Is all perfect peace ?* ”

A gentle inclination of her head gave the sign.

The promise, extracted many days before, was not forgotten. The loved, and to us always now the doubly-loved and consecrated strain, rose from trembling lips and tear-dimmed eyes—

“ Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide ;
While other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

“ Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks as earth's vain shadows
flee,
In life, in death, dear Lord, abide with me.”

These two verses alone were sung. Indeed, I almost thought when we reached the words, "Heaven's morning breaks," that consciousness ceased, and that her favourite hymn here, was finished with the angels.

There were a few long-drawn breaths ; a quiver of the lips ; and the sun that had set on earth in wreaths of golden cloud, was already shining in a brighter world !

" 'Tis gone ! that bright and orb'd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Death's mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light ! "

" Now, just as the gates were opened to let them in, I looked in after them ; and behold the city shone like the sun, and in the streets walked many with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal."

Even outer nature seemed to be in sweet harmony with the scene. The brightest of sunsets we had yet witnessed in our

new home lighted up that western sky,
and glorified the leafless woods :—

“ His train
Of crimson, and of azure, and of gold,
Went floating up the zenith, tint on tint,
And ray on ray, till all the concave caught
His parting benediction.”

The very birds had prematurely begun their spring burst of song. We could not help feeling, it would surely have been in accordance with her own heart's desire, that it was on a lovely *Sunday* afternoon that she was called to the Rest of the Glorified; and when the near and distant church-bells were heard that evening ringing in their worshippers, we thought of the recent entrant into the Church of the Firstborn, singing “the new song” in the everlasting Sabbath!

There she lay, “beautiful in death,” with the rich tresses of her dishevelled hair forming a kind of halo around the pale countenance. A well-known face of Guido suggested itself to more than one

of us as we gazed on the yet unclosed eyes, looking up to the ceiling where she had seen and heard the angels singing. She was with them now.

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps which ring above,
And sing it as my parting breath
Quivered, and expired in death ;
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise ;
And gather from the death they view
A ray of hope to guide them through
When they should be departing too."

"THE CROSS," "BE BRAVE," "SING,"
"ALWAYS SINGING." These repeated words of hers seemed, to the ear of faith, to come like chimes wafted down to earth from the distant bells of glory—first the Cross, then the Crown ; first Fighting, then Singing.

"Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee,

"Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever ;
Mount when thy work is done,
PRAISE Him for ever."

"Bury me," she said, "where you can see my grave."

The dying wish was fulfilled. The sun smiled on the day of her funeral, as on the day of her death. Bunches of lauristinus, ivy, and holly, and a few other evergreens, were culled by the same loving hands that had ministered at her sickbed, and were weaved into two tasteful wreaths—the one to be dropped on her coffin, the other laid on the top of her grave. We had a short private service in the house, joined by her mourning relatives, before the hour of the funeral. One of her most cherished hymns was sung—

"How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array !
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day !

“ Lo ! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

“ Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

“ His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing :
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.”

Then a portion of Paul's great Resurrection-chapter, the 15th of 1st Cor., followed by a few words of prayer ; or rather an offering of thanksgiving to God for all the goodness and mercy He had made to pass before His dear young servant.

I need not describe more : although, to one unfamiliar with the burial-service of the Church of England, the novel scene was deeply impressive. The tolling of the village bell greeting the bearers of the dead. Then advancing under the pic-

turesque "Lich-gate," so peculiar to all Kent churchyards; and listening, with uncovered heads, to the glorious words which have so often broken the silence or dried the tears of mourners—"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Then the procession to the old church, in whose "dim religious light" words of life and immortality were again spoken. Then the last scene of all—standing by the newly-upturned grave; the sun slowly westering behind the old elm-trees, and gilding the tiles of the neighbouring chapel, under whose modest roof repose the remains of the illustrious Imperial exile; while the symbols of mortality fell with the thrice-repeated, dull, hollow sound on the coffin-lid, proclaiming that "dust had returned to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth." Never surely were the beautiful words of the English ritual for the dead more fitly spoken—

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of His great mercy, to take unto Himself the soul of our dear sister here departed, we therefore commit her body to the ground, . . . in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral-bell tolls slow ;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro,
And saying as they meet, 'Rejoice ! another
To early bliss has come :
The Saviour's heart is glad, a sister, brother,
Hath reached the Father's home !' "

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' "

Reposing in what she herself well called "a beautiful spot," we could think of her loved Angels, now hovering over the precious, because redeemed dust,—keeping holy vigils, only to be terminated at the

bridal day of the Church triumphant,
when the trump of God shall summon
Death to surrender his prey.

“Oh, 'tis a placid rest,
Who should deplore it ?
Trance of the pure and blest,
Angels watch o'er it.
Sleep of her mortal night,
Sorrow can't break it ;
Heaven's own morning light
Alone shall wake it.”

“FOR SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

THE following well-known hymns, all committed by Hannah to memory, were specially selected by herself during her illness to be read or sung at her sick-bed. She generally repeated the opening verse, and joined in at any other lines which were either favourites, or which she felt to be appropriate and comforting for the season of suffering, and in the prospect of death.

What is life ? 'tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper,
O my soul ! why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy ?

See that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints ;
There in majesty transcendent
Jesus reigns, the King of Saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy !

Joyful crowds, His throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of His love,
Through the heavens His praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy !

Go and share His people's glory,
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear ;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear—
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still, small accents greet thine ear ?
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white ;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight ;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light :
'Tis I ; be not afraid.

These raging winds, this surging sea
Have spent their deadly force on Me ;
They bear no breath of wrath to thee ;
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

This bitter cup, I drank it first ;
To thee it is no draught accursed ;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

Mine eyes are round about thy bed ;
Mine arms are underneath thy head ;
My blessing is around thee shed :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, 'mid thousand welcomes sweet
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet :
 'Tis I ; be not afraid.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest ?
"Come to me," saith One,—“and coming,
Be at rest.”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him ?
If He be my guide,
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

Hath He diadem as monarch
That His brow adorns ?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns.

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
"Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

Abide with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh ! abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away !
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh ! abide
with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies :
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still.

While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between :
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past ;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day ;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He shall wipe my tears away.

Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode :
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus—
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.
I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child ;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song !

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight :
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick-in mind,
Sight to the inly blind :
Oh ! now to all mankind .
"Let there be light."

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight :
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light."

Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light !"

The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies,
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned ;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast ;

Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine ;
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine." Amen.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—(Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down)—
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
 prove
Here for a season, then above,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light !

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light !

Sweet Saviour, bless us ; night has come ;
Through night and darkness near us be,
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day, and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light !

O God of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :

Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread Thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me, and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin :
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above !

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again ;
In heaven we part no more.
Oh ! that will be joyful
When we meet to part no more !

All who love the Lord below
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh ! that, &c.

Oh, how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne.
Oh ! that, &c.

There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord.
Oh ! that, &c.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly :
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath—
When mine eyes shall close in death—
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ?

"For ever with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality!

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

That resurrection word,
That shout of victory ;
“For ever—ever with the Lord !”
Amen, so let it be !

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

Oh! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee!
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!"

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethels I'll raise:
So through my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee !

Brief life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.
O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

For He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
With light that hath no evening,
And health that hath no sore,
And life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day :
Yes ! God our King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing :
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away !

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave !

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine !

Oh, where shall rest be found ;
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death !"

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun ;
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
While through Thy blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Oh ! let the dead now hear Thy voice ;
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice :
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness !

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done !"

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not ;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will be done !"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine :
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
 "Thy will be done !"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :
 "Thy will be done !"

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done!"

O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen !
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's changing scene,
 By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine :
E'en as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to Thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here has she found her place of rest ;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
 While she can cling to Thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ?
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee !

They fear not Satan or the grave,
They feel Thee near and strong to save,
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me—who appal ?
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee.

Why those fears ? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship :
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone,
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
Led by that, the storms defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh ;
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

Oh, what pleasures there await us ;
There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward unto battle
See His banners go.
Onward, &c.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory !
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we ;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may vanish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, &c.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,

Under the shadow of Thy wings,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, with its ever-rolling stream,
Bears all alike away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

In the hour of trial,
Jesu, pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee.
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall ;
Nor for fear or favour
•Suffer me to fall.
If, with sore affliction,
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice !
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.
When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying
To eternal life.

Our blessed Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart,
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see,
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
And meet for Thee.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers,
Soon will be asleep.

JESU, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tenderest blessings
May our eyelids close.

Grant to all Thy people
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the FATHER,
Glory to the SON,
And to Thee, blest SPIRIT,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

The hour of my departure's come :
I hear the voice that calls me home :
At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run ;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust ;
I bow before Thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand ;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home :
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease ;
Now let Thy servant die in peace.

“Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

The following fragments of hymns, among others, were read to her by a friend, at intervals, as her strength permitted, in the morning of her dying day:—

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him;—
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar;

Not one object of His care,
Ever suffered shipwreck there :
See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through.

When waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed :
I hear a voice I know full well,—
“’Tis I—be not afraid.”

Oh cast away thy fears !
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way,
Wait thou His time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyful day.

He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
Thy strength and portion He shall be ;
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, "Trust in me."

My God ! whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee "Father," sweet endearing
name !
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee !

When all outward comfort flies,
And my heart within me dies,
Hear, oh hear, my trembling sighs !
Help me, O my Saviour !

When the day brings pain and grief,
Night, no respite, nor relief,
Whisper "These dark hours are brief,"
Help me, O my Saviour !

Thou, Thou only canst relieve me !
Till Thine arms of love receive me,
Whisper—" I will never leave thee !"
Help me, O my Saviour.

Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover o'er my bed,
And fetch my spirit home.

The following Hymns and verses are copied out by her own hand in MS. books, and on loose sheets of paper. The reader will observe how they condense, in the form most loved by her, the motives and principles with which she sought to govern her daily life. They contain, also, very

much a *résumé* of her deathbed experiences, utterances, and hopes.

Though "Abide with me" was her favourite during her final illness, yet the first hymn here given, from the note with which it is prefaced, seems to have shared her partiality.

[“This is my favourite hymn. I do hope you will like it. I think it is so true and cheering.”]

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Join the war and face the foe ;
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Shrink not, Christians, will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the battle-field ?
Will ye thus desert, and leave
Him who died your souls to save ?

Onward, Christians, to the fight,
Soon shall end this weary night ;
Think when tempted to complain,
If we suffer, we shall reign.

Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Onward, Christians, onward go.

The Christian warrior, see him stand,
In the whole armour of his God ;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the Gospel shod.

Undaunted to the field he goes :
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless (to foil his legion foes)
The truest weapon were "all-prayer."

Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down ;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

I am a stranger here,
No home, no rest I see ;
Not all the earth counts dear
Should wring a sigh from me—
I am going home.

Jesus, Thy home is mine,
And I Thy Father's child
With hopes and joys divine,
This world's a weary wild ;
Home—oh ! how soft and sweet—
I am going home.

Home, where the Bridegroom takes
The purchase of His love ;
Home, where the Father waits
To welcome her above.
I am going home.

And when the world looks cold,
Which did my Lord revile,
A lamb within the fold,
I can look up and smile.
I am going home.

When its delusive charms
Would snare my pilgrim feet,
I'll fly to Jesus' arms,
And yet again repeat,
I am going home.

And as the desert wide,
The wilderness I see,
Lord Jesus, I confide
My trembling heart to Thee.
I am going home.

While severing every tie
That holds me from the goal
This—this can satisfy
The craving of the soul,
I am going home.

Ah ! gently, gently lead
Along the painful way,
Bid every word and deed,
And every look to say,
I am going home.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me oft as I left Thee;
On to the close of life abide with me.

O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No; rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And "crushed before the moth."

But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy way,
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

What is life ? a vision fair
Now seen, now lost in empty air,
Like those delusive fires whose light
Gleams but to cheat the wanderer's sight.
This is not life.

What is life ?—a dream, a jest,
A short-lived mockery at best ;
A sound upon the passing gale,
A revelry where all is wail.
This is not life.

What is life ?—a pilgrimage
From helpless infancy to age ;
One leap beyond—one fearful leap—
And life expires in dreamless sleep.
This is not life.

What is life ?—a night of gloom,
As lonely as the lonely tomb ;
No star to cheer, no gladdening ray,
To prophesy of coming day.

 This is not life.

What is life ?—a period given
To man to win his way to heaven ;
In armour clad of light to brave
The powers of darkness—hell—the grave !
And live through Him who died to save.

 This—this is life !

I dream'd, and lo, 'twas Sabbath eve ;
 Within a church I stood,
Secluded from the busy world,
 And sheltered by a wood ;
Its altar filled with mourning souls,
 The young and old were there,
And one and all together sang
 This old familiar prayer :

 " Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ? "

My heart was full ; I wept for joy ;

They had not sung in vain ;

For God was in that holy place,

And souls were born again.

The congregation, deeply moved,

Their earnest prayer renewed,

Another hymn of olden times

They sang in tones subdued :

“ Am I a soldier of the cross,

A follower of the Lamb ?

And shall I fear to own His cause,

Or blush to speak His name ? ”

The scene was changed ; and as I passed

Along the sea of time,

The Church of God, with one consent,

From earth's remotest clime,

United at the selfsame hour

In lofty strains to raise

One loud, ecstatic burst of joy,

One glorious hymn of praise :

“ O for a thousand tongues to sing

My great Redeemer's praise ;

The glories of my God and King,

The triumphs of His grace ! ”

Then swifter than the lightning wing,
In air I seem'd to rise,
And in my dream a voice I heard,
That filled me with surprise ;
" 'Tis done," he cried, from heaven and
earth
One raptured chorus broke !
And with that universal shout
I from my dream awoke.

" There 'll be no sorrow there ;
There 'll be no sorrow there ;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There 'll be no sorrow there ! "

We can serve in every station,
None so weak and none so small,
None so poor, or none so lowly,
That they cannot serve at all.

We can serve in every station,
If with loving hearts and true
We will seek to know our duty,
And our daily task to do.

We can serve in every station;
He who fixed our lot is wise,
And each act of willing service
Is accepted in His eyes.

Let us then in every station
Humbly strive to do our part
With a faithful, earnest spirit,
And a meek, contented heart.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high;
Journeying o'er a desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenly way.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

Hail, sweet Jesus, master,
Round Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet.
Long, alas ! we've left Thee,
Straying far away ;
Now once more we'll enter
On the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

All our days direct us,
Make us meek and mild,
By Thy early pattern,
Mary's holy child.
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower ;
Pardon Thou—protect us,
At death's solemn hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

Jesu ! saints and angels
With thy Church combine,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy glorious shrine :

When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace ;
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, &c.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fever'd brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain :
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in my sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain ;
Moving unruffled through earth's war
The eternal calm to gain.

Give me the heart to pray :
Give me the power ;
When I kneel down to Thee,
Hour by hour.

Guilty and soul-stricken,
Weary and weak,
Give me the life to feel
Words that speak.

Let not my spirit lie
Silent and cold,
Dead as the body is,
Under the mould.

Let me not kneel to Thee,
Braving Thy power ;
Mocking Thy presence here
Hour by hour.

Breathe on my spirit now,
Deadened in sin,
Rend the thick covering,
Let the light in.

Wake up my soul to Thee,
That I may live ;
All that I ask of Thee,
'Lord, Thou canst give.

Give me the heart to pray,
Give me the power,
When I kneel down to Thee,
Hour by hour.

Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice oppress.

I know not, O! I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there from care releas'd,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I,
How tender and watchful my wants to supply;
He daily provides me with raiment and food;
Whate'er He denies me is meant for my good.

The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
His gracious commandments, and walk in
His way;

His fear He will teach me, my heart He'll
renew,
And though I'm so sinful, my sins He'll
subdue.

The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I !
I'm blest while I live, and am blest when I
die ;
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
For "I will be with thee," my Shepherd hath
said.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with
delight,
Till call'd to adore Him in regions of light ;
Then praise Him with angels on bright harps
of gold,
And ever and ever His glory behold.

Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;

Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known ;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escap'd the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer !
Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !
Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight :
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !

Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do ;
Never be afraid to own your Saviour,
He who loves and cares for you.
Never be afraid ;
Jesus is your loving Saviour,
Therefore never be afraid.

Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In His vineyard day by day ;
Labour with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.
Never be afraid, &c.

Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall ;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, &c.

Never be afraid to live for Jesus ;
If you on His care depend,
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.

Never be afraid to die for Jesus ;
He, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Gently in His arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, &c.

Our home is a vineyard, a garden of truth,
Where all can do something for Jesus ;
And though we are just in the morning of
youth,
We all can do something for Jesus ;
The deep, rolling river, that flows to the sea,
Is made of the brooklet that sparkles so free ;
A lesson most precious for you and for me,
We all can do something for Jesus.
We all can do something for Jesus.

A word to the erring, of kindness and love,
May often remind them of Jesus ;
A song of our beautiful mansion above,
May lead a poor wanderer to Jesus ;
The acorn, when planted, though small it
may be,
How quickly it grows to a wide-spreading tree !

A lesson most precious for you and for me, -
We all can do something for Jesus.
We all can do something for Jesus.

Oh! sweeter, far sweeter, than riches or fame,
To feel we are working for Jesus ;
The cup of cold water we give in His name,
Will bring us the blessing of Jesus ;
The brook and the acorn, the leaf and the
tree,
Are teaching a lesson to you and to me ;
No matter how simple the effort may be,
We all can do something for Jesus.
We all can do something for Jesus.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.

I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way ;
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus ;
I need a friend like Thee ;
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus ;
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way.

I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne.

There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing eternal praises,
And gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.

Through the new Jerusalem,
Lined by fairest flowers,
Flows a pure and crystal stream,
Wat'ring the heavenly bowers.
On its banks we hope to stand,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransom'd host,
Singing and praising for ever.
Singing and praising for ever,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransom'd host,
Singing and praising for ever.

There are saints in robes of white,
That have gone before us ;
With the angels they unite,
Swelling the heavenly chorus.
And with them we hope to stand,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransom'd host,
Singing and praising for ever.
Singing and praising, &c.

**"DUST, TO ITS NARROW HOUSE BENEATH :
SOUL, TO ITS PLACE ON HIGH :
THEY THAT HAVE SEEN THY LOOK IN DEATH,
NO MORE MAY FEAR TO DIE."**



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